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FAMILIAR EPISTLE

T O

ROGER KENYON Esq;

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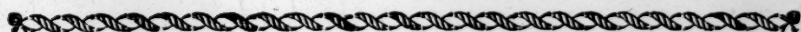
MEMORY OF STERNE;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED THE PORTRAITS OF THE

SOCINIAN AND ORTHODOX DIVINE:

BY ROWLEY THOMAS.

*Ille per extensum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut Magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*



S H R E W S B U R Y:

PRINTED and sold by STAFFORD PRYSE, for the AUTHOR;
and by J. BEW, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

M,DCC,LXXIX.

[Price One Shilling]

FAMILIAR EPISTLES

TO

ROBERT KILPATRICK



ST. MARTIN'S LANE

WILLIAM DOUGLASS

ST. MARTIN'S LANE

ST. MARTIN'S LANE

ST. MARTIN'S LANE

To ROGER KENYON, Esq.

S I R,

AS the following lines were written under the protection of your roof, and as you have a true relish for that variety and originalness of sentiment so characteristic of the *Works* of the late *Mr. Sterne*, I cannot but address them to one from whom I have received every mark of the most polite attention and hospitality.

I am,

S I R,

Your much obliged

and very humble Servant,

ROWLEY THOMAS.

Shrewsbury,
25th Sept. 1779.

A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE, &c.

THO' *Kenyon*, with the greatest ease,
You read *Coke's* lectures when you please;
By sweetest scenes of rural life
Guarded against each wayward strife;
The nice and doubtful point discuss
Without perplexity or fufs;
Do, I entreat you, turn away
His *Lordship's* learning for to-day.

How

How can you, when true genius fires,
 When *Aganippe's* fount inspires,
 With delicacy false lock up
 From public view the golden cup,
 Presented from *Apollo's* hand;---
 But with this spirited command?

Drink deeply from it now and then,
 And in it dip the magic pen,
 Which *Fancy* made and brought to you
 When first poetic air you drew;
 And use it, with the hopes to teach
 Audacious *Thomas* how to reach
Parnassus' heights,---that he may view
 The *Muses* and the *Graces* too.

Hither,

Hither, *Thalia*, come along,
 And chant me forth a sprightly song;
 Then strike the *lute*, and lead me thro'
 A sentimental hop or two.
 And, pray thee, don't too lightly deem
 Of the wild, splayfoot poet's theme,
 Because it introduces here
 The story of a *Yorick's* bier.

And now, *Thalia*, you must go
 And leave us to this tale of wo.

Poor *Yorick* dead!--The *Muses* turn
 An eye of pity o'er his urn,
 And, drooping, quit the sportive glade
 For the deep, gloomy yew-tree's shade;

C

Melpomene,

Melpomene, in tears attends

The tomb where all of *Yorick* ends,

All but his *Works*;---and those shall be

The pride of late posterity.

“ *Alas poor Yorick!*”---Who can hear

That utterance without a tear?

Who see the *sable, artless stone*,

And not vouchsafe the kindred groan?

Thy humor, *Yorick*, wit and sense,

Thy judgment, taste, benevolence;

Thy comic vein, thy plaintive tale,

Will o'er each feeling breast prevail,

When all this little, paltry world

Is into grand confusion hurl'd.

With

With all thy fire and merit, *Sterne*,
 Why did you not, *for our sakes*, learn
 To keep that fine spun frame of thine
 Within a more contracted line ;
 Not gallop o'er each hedge and stile
 Thy brilliant fancy to beguile ?

And now, *Thalia*, come again,
 And give me *Tristram Shandy's* pen ;
 For *Tristram Shandy* we'll describe,
 His every gambol, skip and gibe.

In spite of *Chesterfieldian* rules,
 And the dull jargon of the *schools* ;
 Spite of all his *Lordship's Graces*,
 And the frigid, mean embraces

He

He to his *bastard* recommends
 In foreign climes for prudent ends;
We'll laugh with Tristram, and bring forth
 The blunders of his hapless birth.

The ill-tim'd question 'bout the *clock*
 To *Shandy's* father gave a shock,
 Which the *Homunculus* misplac'd
 And all his *secret life* disgrac'd.

But, *Shandy*, if thy *Hobby-horse*
 Caus'd thee many a dirty cross,
 The great original is yours
 And immortality secures :
 Besides, altho' there may be shades,
 So strong a flood of light pervades

Thy

Thy *Hobby*,---that we all agree
Shakespeare alone can equal thee.

Poor *Tristram's Uncle Toby* sure
 Receiv'd a wound he could not cure;
 Receiv'd it in the *nicest part*,
 But yet it never reach'd his heart;
 For that, against all kind of hurt,
 Always preserv'd him clean from dirt.

Toby's counterescarp and glacis,
 His ravelin, his blinds and basis,
 His horn-works, epaulments and mines,
 His *pointed* and his *obtuse* lines,
 Fortifications and platoons,
 His sector, compasses, half-moons,

D

His

His falient angle, *cover'd way*,
 Too often led him quite astray;
 Each whimsical idea craz'd,
 And all his understanding maz'd;
Sap'd his health and spirits wasted,
 Neither meat nor drink he tasted
 Till the parabola was clear
 And the hyperbola's career.

And now, *my Toby*, quit the shade,
 And doff thy *Hobby's* masquerade.

The Fly!---What philanthropy shines,
 Emblazon'd in those feeling lines.

And *Trim*, who rub'd thy horse, no less
 Bestow'd his pity on distress;

Let

Let drop a tear for every smart
That touch'd his exil'd brother's heart :
And tears of pity or of love
The man of sense and courage prove ;---
For timid heart and brainless head
Ne'er yet had *gen'rous tears* to shed.

That porpoise, *Doctor Slop*, shall now
Expand the furrows of the brow :
Ill-fated *Slop*!---With all thy care
To drop into an unmeant snare ;---

The *vast Momentum* of *Coach-horse*,
Which *Obadiab*' *self* did cross,---
O'erfet thy waddling fardel quite
And fix'd thee on thy * * * * upright :

Beluted

Beluted with the mire which flew
 And frighten'd with the *vortex* too,
 You then receiv'd strange complaisance
 From *Obadiab's* ignorance ;
King of the Mud, you grandly fat,
 Whilst he *with Rev'rence* bow'd his hat.

What a fine blaze of genius flows
 Thro' mild *Diego's* length of nose !
 The *learned Faculty* fall out,
 Tho' neither side can solve the doubt ;
 And very seriously engage
 Against the keen, cervantic page :
 The *grave Divines* unite their sects,
 And all their finest intellects,

This

This strange phenomenon to scatter
 With it's stranger heap of *matter* ;
 But all in vain :---The less they know
 The warmer *School-divines* will grow.

Digress not further!---But secure
 Th' *Homunculus* that's now mature.

Call *Doctor Slop*, with tire-tête, squirt ;
 And free his forceps from the dirt :
 But, *dearest Shandy*, don't confuse
 His *Doctorskip* with wond'rous news
 Of cerebellum, pineal gland,
 The sensorium's webbed land ;
 The os pubis and abdomen,
 And the convoluted colon ;

E

With

With the epigastric region,
 Cervix ut'ri, and a legion
 Of crabbed terms that tire the *Muse*,
 And keep her from the birth she views;
 The birth of *Shandy*, and the wos
 That waited on his mother's throes?

Oh! *Doctor Slop*;---thy forceps dire
 Plung'd thee once more into the mire;
 Made *little Shandy* quite the sport
 Of gossips in and out of court;
 Flatten'd th' expressive prominence
 And blunted every finer sense:

The

The curious texture of his brain
Receiv'd it's polish all in vain.

The *Bridge* his father much commov'd,
And flew him in the boy he lov'd.

And now adieu to jingling rhyme,
And all the modes of *killing time*;
With you, my friend, I'll wind the maze
Where *Littleton* with taste displays
The *Quirks* of law, and finely shows
How ably you those quirks oppose.

T H E

THE SOCINIAN.

BEHOLD a — ! Whose *simp'ring face*
Declares him of the *canting Race*;
How *pretty* to the girls he talks
Straying along the Quarry-walks!
So *sweetly* of *Religion prates*,
That he has almost won Miss - - - - .

Attend him to the *Pulpit* ! There
SOCINUS is his *darling care* ;

He teaches us a *God* to own,
But *Mediator* ; ---he'll have *none* ;

Goes

Goes *boldly* to the *throne of grace*
 And, *smiling*, takes his SAVIOUR'S *place*;
 Declaims upon his own *vast parts*,
 And uses all his *sniveling arts*
 To lead astray a man, whose rules
 Did honor to the *christian schools*;
 Whose lib'ral mind and feeling heart
 Pour'd oil upon each wretch's smart;
 Wip'd the big tear with gentle hand,
 And gave him all his wants demand.

The ORTHODOX DIVINE.

LISTEN to —— in *Religion's cause*
 Exerting talents that enforce *her laws*;

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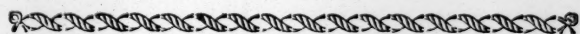
Most

Most ably clearing, with a skilful hand,
 The dark and thorny wilds of *scripture land*;
 Smoothing the *pointed rocks* that frighten youth,
 And keep them doubtful of *religious truth*:
 Giving the *shades*, which make the *thinking mind*
 Rather to *Infidelity* inclin'd,
 Those bright, engaging charms, that strongly [bear
 The expressive image of a SAVIOUR'S *care*.

THE

THE *SYMPATHETIC HEROINES*:

TAKEN FROM REAL LIFE.



TWO rival *Nymphs* of SALOP's plain,
Well known thro' *Vice's* dark domain,
With bookish heads and blackest hearts
Play the most vile and basest parts :
The one of *sentiment* much talks,
The other loves the rural walks ;---

Yet this a *Mother's* heart has broke ;---
And that avoids a mother's yoke :
They both *affect* the *Christian's* road
And blast the *merits* of their *God*.

F I N I S.

